

FINANCIAL

[illegible]

d, 10:00 pm.
Leave for Columbus, 9:00 am.; arrive from Columbus, 8:45 pm.; for Richmond, 4:00 m.; arrive from Richmond 9:30 am.
Leave for Chicago, 11:05 am., 7 11:20 pm.; arrive from Chicago, 8:30 pm., 7 d, 8:40 am.; leave for Louisville, 6:55 am., 8:25 am., 8:55 pm.; arrive from Louisville, 6:11 am., 6:00 pm., 10:50 pm.
Leave for Columbus, 5:20 pm.; arrive from Columbus, 10:00 am.
Leave for Vincennes and Cairo, 7:20 am., 7:50 pm.; arrive from Vincennes and Cairo 7:00 am., 5:10 pm.

Sunday.

d, daily; other trains except Sunday.

Vandalia Line.

ABOVE THE ROUTE TO ST. LOUIS AND THE WEST
Trains arrive and leave Indianapolis as follows:
Columbus, Louis., 7:30 a.m., 7:50 p.m. 1:00 p.m.
11:50 p.m.
St. Louis, 7:30 a.m., 7:50 p.m. 1:00 p.m.
From St. Louis, 2:45 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m., 11:50 p.m.
To St. Louis, 7:30 a.m., 7:50 p.m.
Chicago, 11:05 a.m., 11:20 p.m.
Sleeping and parlor cars run on through trains, for rates and information apply at ticket agents' company or H. R. Dering, Assistant General Passenger Agent.

THE BEST LINE
TO
CHICAGO & CINCINNATI
THE FINEST ON EARTH

C&N
The only Pullman Perfect Safety Vestibule Train Service, with Dining Car, between
Chicago, Indianapolis and Cincinnati
For any information call at our city ticket office, corner Illinois and Dearborn Streets.
Trains arrive and depart from Union Station

FOR CINCINNATI AND DAYTON.
Leaves Indianapolis, 7:15 a.m., 7:45 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 10:45 p.m.
Arrives Cincinnati, 9:15 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 7:25 p.m., 10:30 p.m.
Leaves Cincinnati, 7:00 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 p.m.
Arrives Indianapolis, 8:15 a.m., 8:45 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 7:30 p.m.
Daily, Monday, except Sunday.

THE VESTIBULE
PULLMAN CAR LINE

LEAVE INDIANAPOLIS:
To St. Louis, 8:00 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 5:30 p.m.
To St. Chicago Ill., Pullman Vestibule Coach and din. car, 7 11:20 a.m.
Arrive in Chicago, 7:30 a.m.
To St. Chicago N.Y., Pullman Vestibule Coach and din. car, 12:30 a.m.
Arrive in New York, 7:30 a.m.
To St. Louis, 10:15 a.m.
Street yards at, 7:05 a.m.
Pullman vestibule sleeping cars through west end of Union Station, and can be taken

FAVORITES OF THE MEN.

DO THE LORDS OF CREATION LIKE THE BEST WOMEN BEST?

Men's Ignorance of Women—They "Get Mad" Because They Can't Understand, and So Say Bitter Things—Physical Beauty.

Do men like the best women best? No, they don't, and it is one of the most remarkable things in the study of the cruder sex to see how they pride themselves upon their discrimination with regard to women, and how very, very little they know about them.

And this, no doubt, is one ground for the cynical, jaundiced, and even scolding taunts flying about the world with regard to women, and all emanating from men. They thought they knew something about women, these poor cynics, and they found they didn't, and instead of blaming their own stupidity they turned and rent the elusive objects of their mistaken theories.

It is annoying, I grant you, for a man to build up a fine ideal temple wherein to enshrine his own image, and watch the goddess of that temple sitting at the feet of her chosen lord and then to suddenly discover that the temple was founded upon the "laughing sands," and in some unusual quack the whole affair tumbles down, and his image is left ignominiously stranded in the ruins!

I suppose one would be tempted to revile the goddess who had mortified us so sorely.

No, they don't understand women at all, these poor dear men, and nothing vexes them more than to have this consciousness brought home to them; they are so accustomed to feeling that the world runs on the lines that they have laid down, that there is nothing in heaven or earth beyond or above their comprehension, and that they are, as Alexander Selkirk remarks of himself, "Lord of the fish and the brute," they thought woman is neither a fish nor a brute, they consider her as surely the vassal of man as either of these.

And then, when as this has been comfortably arranged, the goddess comes and tied herself pleasantly upon his throne, lo! and behold the chief vassal isn't at all in the place he had arranged for her, but has shot off in an eccentric orbit of his own and is away out of their own. "Such conduct as this," naturally annoys "the monarch of all he surveys," and as it is impossible for him to do anything about it he vents his wrath in saying a great deal, sometimes in the form of the fox who thought the grapes were sour because he could not reach them, and again, in the light and flippant fashion of a majestic intellect stooping to trifles, he picks the woman question aside as quite unworthy of his consideration, declaring that the habits and manners of the ephemera who dance for an hour above a sunny summer pool are more deserving of a man's attention than the yet lighter ephemeron, woman.

One consequence of this process is that a tradition has grown up in the masculine mind and is transmitted from father to son as carefully as the unwritten laws of the land, so the effect that women are deceitful exceedingly, are fair to the eye but deadly poison to the taste, are trivial and shallow of mind, and yet pursue matters in the art of bookbinding which they are at the weakest and most formidable form of creation, and although an unhappy instinct of man's nature, but no—men don't have instincts—although the profound processes of reason show that the world would not run continue without woman, and therefore it is necessary that man should condone her offenses and seek her society, he should do so with the same fear and trembling that he handles dynamite or introduces electric wires into his warehouse.

They are all powerful agents and the Lord of Creation does not intend to suppress any object in his dominion to be too many for him. So, although quite aware that dynamite may blow him and his to the farthest limit of limbo, and electricity will most likely set his hair on fire, and woman will—oh, dear, what words can describe the indescribable ill that woman can work in his life—still he does not, and does not intend to do without any one of the three potentates, and feels quite sure that, though other men have been hoisted by their own dynamite, and destroyed with needless horrors by the woman whom they had either made, or wished to make their own, they should escape. But just as every man tries to secure the safest form of dynamite and the best kind of electric wires, would it not be supposed that he would be very careful to secure the best and least dangerous kind of woman?

But here the vaunted wisdom of the Lord of Creation seems to utterly fail him, and in choosing a wife he shows no more discrimination than the child who dives into a grab bag at a fair. If there is any method at all in the matter it seems to operate the wrong way for it is very seldom that a man fixes his affections upon the best woman of his acquaintance, or even upon the best woman for him.

What are the grounds of his choice, then? What kind of woman do men like better than the best?

Well, of course, youth and beauty are always sure cards, and I should be sorry indeed to lose the pleasure I derive from contemplating them myself; but we all know that there are beauties and beauties, and while some pretty faces are as attractive and refreshing as the hand of a flower, others are as monotonous as a photographed smile, and others again as deadly as a serpent.

And when we come to the matter of choosing a wife, which is of course the only very important result of men's preference of one woman over another, prettiness becomes merely a detail and not the *sine qua non*—at least it ought to be so, because if the man is capable of looking before he leaps.

A good many men are not, and instead of imitating the Vicar of Wakefield, who begins his memoirs by stating that he chose his wife, as she did her husband, for the present effect, but for his promise of good wear, they end as a friend of my own did. He married a beauty, a sweet little Dresden shepherdess sort of thing, who one day came to me with a pucker on her brow.

"What could I mean, do you suppose? Last night he looked and looked into my eyes, and at last he said, 'Nothing, but blue eyes—nothing more.' What should there be more—do tell me?"

"Why, nothing, dear," replied I, truthfully. "They are very pretty blue eyes, and just as pretty now as when Tom first fell in love with them."

But besides beauty, which is an obvious temptation to choose the wrong woman, there are at least a dozen other false lights winking this poor, short-sighted creature man to his destruction.

There is the style of a woman which I have studied a good deal, but thus far with no satisfactory results. She is not pretty; she need not be very young, she need not be a maid, wife or widow, although rather apt to be the last. She is not very striking in any way, and seldom allows herself to be conspicuous, but in some inimitable way she "always gets there," if I may be allowed a bit of slang, and will never appear at any place where men do congregate without attracting them as surely as the candle does the moths. She is not too brilliant, a conventionalist—a quality which generally frightens men—but she makes pretty speeches in a soft, low voice; she has a way of lighting up her face at the approach of some favorite cavalier, she possesses an instinct in harmonizing conflicting tempers and smoothing over rough places; she is chameleon-like in her power of adaptation to the moods or prejudices or predilections of the moment; she is, in fact, charming, if one can get rid of a certain uncomfortable sense of the machinery. It is a little too much, like listening to Jules Verne, as it appears to me, that the actress, the domestic and financial virtues, and, although you cordially exclaim, "How well she does it!" you never for a moment fancy that she means what she says or is what she appears.

Now this kind of woman is not what I call the best for a man to choose as a wife, and I am always sorry when I see it done. There is, however, one safeguard for the so-called deceived sex; the charming woman is generally quite as practical as she is charming, and doesn't resign her power over all to take up with one unless it is very much to her advantage to do so; and if she does marry the man, she is apt to become innoxious to other women, for great prosperity has a stultifying effect, and your very wealthy woman seldom takes the trouble to charm.

Another style of woman apt to attract men, and not at all the best women for them to choose as wives, are the women who pay the coarser sex the compliment of imitating it. Happily this style is rather exotic with us, coming in with the Anglomania so prevalent of late, and as it is by no means adapted to the climate or the delicate type of American femininity it has never thriven here as abroad.

These are the women who, out of never being tired of the same old, same old, being tired of the same old, same old, and drag their reluctant admirers with them to see surmises and "catch morning effects," a euphemism for influenza; but on their skirts and their boots and taking afternoon strolls in hand climb Monte Morena, a morning's recreation (if that inaccessible peak is ever reached it will be by one of these women); they ride at "big fences" and are at the death-horse, and are riding habits with their whips as they loudly proclaim their own prowess in the chase; they "take a weed" more or less surreptitiously; they demand liquid refreshments of a common type and common occupation, and venture upon expletives as near profanity as they dare, for after all they are generally thoroughly good women and would shrink from immorality with an ordinary kind of virtue all their own.

Can not after all say that these attract men to their society, for they give the men no choice; they force their companionship upon men in all those sports, which men have chosen to consider especially their own, and consequently in the conversation resulting from those sports. They have thus the pull over their gentler sisters, and it is not infrequently happens that a man marries such a woman just because he sees her all the time; simply a case of propinquity. They make undesirable wives, however, especially if poor, for they are as impatient of woman's self-sacrifices and quiet drudgery as a man is.

I knew one such girl, and when her baby was three years old she was out on a yachting excursion and had a hammock slung on deck for it.

But after all, the kind of woman that men generally marry belongs to none of these classes, but is simply a nonentity. There is no fault to be found with her; she is tolerably good looking, tolerably educated, tolerably good-mannered and refined, negatively moral, but quite untired by temptation; her ideas of marriage limited to new clothes, wedding presents and cards with her name on them. She has never considered the question of whether she and her husband are adapted to temperamental and mutual intentions to make each other happy; she has never even resolved to do her best to make him happy; she has never thought anything about it at all, and plunges into matrimony as she would into the ocean at a new bathing place, without the least idea of what may lie beneath that summer sea.

That is the average woman chosen as his wife by the average man, and hence the average marriage, which forms the topic of the satirist and the cynic.

What, then, is the description of "the best woman," who is so seldom chosen, do you ask?

I have not just now time to tell you, but you may, if you like, read the quotation from the Vicar of Wakefield and draw your own inferences.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

The Fashions of Paris.
(Prepared for the Indianapolis News.)
A novelty is seen in trimming dresses lavishly with ribbons sewn flat upon the surface of the goods in horizontal stripes. None but very slender, graceful figures can bear these.

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cushion is covered with plush, Roman satin or India silk, in some rich shade of copper, old blue, olive green, orange or any tint that harmonizes with the sofa or couch. Twenty-harmonies square is a good size for the cushion. The up-side has an extra cover of linen, cream white or ecru. The pattern on this may be a border or an all-over design. The main outline is done in a close button-hole stitch, the outside edge being worked over a cord. This German cord in small sizes comes for the purpose and costs fifteen cents a skein.



CORNER OF CUSHION.
The working silk may be white, gold or bronze, and the design is much as that of the cushion. This is coarse and fits in quite fast. The cross lines are put in last of linen thread, white or in color, to match the silk. The knot at the crossing of the threads is made by passing the needle through a loop, and drawing tightly so as to secure the center. The cut gives one corner of the cushion cover. When the work is done it must be dampened on the wrong side, laid upon darning and pressed with a warm iron. With a pair of small sharp pointed scissors cut the material away from under the cross threads, and also from the outer edge. This leaves the cross silk on the cushion, and the cross lines through the interstices. The end of each point is fastened by a strong stitch to the edge of the cushion. Sometimes there is an all-over pattern, and instead of cutting away the edge, it is backed to the upper cover and joined to the back. A bow of handsome ribbon loops in an upper corner adds to the effect.

EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

FASHION NOTES.

A very tasteful dress of old-rose alpaca, shot with white, and a matching wrap.

Golden-brown cloth is pretty for a child's or infant's cloak lined with old pink.

Shot alpaca are deservingly fashionable. The finer makes are silky, and resist wear as only alpaca can.

White birch is a favorite for bed-room furniture. Against a walling of yellow and pink it is exceedingly pleasing.

Black mourning handkerchiefs of pongee, embroidered with white silk, are new and fashionable, if gruesome, accessories of the toilet.

Crepe de Chine of lustrous black is the favorite morning dress. This may be had in crinkled, striped, spotted or flowered shades, and is stained in natural-wood colors or treated with metal paint.

Skirts of summer toilets are shaped with great simplicity; many of them are elaborately trimmed, but a great portion for general wear are garnished with ribbons.

Standing frills of lace are substituted for high collars and there are finger deep ruffles of mousseline de soie sewed in the dress and turned back to display the entire throat.

Jerseys are worn considerably in the country, in the house and any place but the public street. Silk sleeves are added and the neck finished with a turn-down collar.

If a woman only knows how to sew, she can buy dresses by the dozen at a dollar apiece. This means a cheese cloth, tennis cloth, gingham, barred muslin, challie or cambric, the very thing for the hot weather.

Many of the bonnets ornamented with flowers only are fresh and summer-like to the last degree, being made of the lightest cloth, like netting, and lined with a grail like the rose stalk bonnets of last year.

Some mousquetaire gloves in twelve-button lengths have been brought out in impossible colors, embroidered along the back and variety of patterns. They are likely to be worn by the million, but not by the exclusive.

Some city houses have windows large enough for a church. A clever and artistic idea for drapery is to hang a curtain half the depth, and from this open work hang the curtain. If desired, this will be but a foot deep, and to balance the effect the window will be doorway and finished with bamboo poles.

All along the top of bookcases, lamps, china flower-holders and pieces of pottery, bronze and marble are arranged; prints are immediately behind the bookcases, the place of painting, the door being frequently used for their display, a wide sofa or couch of bamboo, stained red, placed across a corner and piled up with silk cushions makes a library comfortable and captivating place to be in.

Accordion-pleated tissue paper in delicate tints is used for concealing ugly red flower pots containing blossoming plants and vines. The covers are to be shaped in four points are visible, with corresponding hollows. The shape is slipped over the flowerpot at the lower portion of the cover, and being at the bottom of expanding or contracting, its top edge or an edge of a band of ribbon tied in a generous bow on one side is the additional ornament, and serves also to keep the cover in position.

Stanley's Faithful Zanzibar Servant.

An address at Dundee, Scotland, recently, Henry M. Stanley recalled an incident of his Emin relief expedition that recurred to him upon the intelligence and fidelity of a Zanzibar lad who accompanied him on his northern journey, and who is destined to occupy a place of honor in the household of the illustrious explorer. On the last day of last year, said Mr. Stanley, we were in camp and were in beautiful oblivion of what was going on, when their young friend, who was now behind his chair, whispered to him something which changed his feelings from those of the moment to a very moment when this lad whispered into his ears he was treating Emin Pasha as a host would treat his guest; but from the moment the lad leaned over the chair he assumed command, and the next moment he was in camp and was in beautiful oblivion of what was going on, when their young friend, who was now behind his chair, whispered to him something which changed his feelings from those of the moment to a very moment when this lad whispered into his ears he was treating Emin Pasha as a host would treat his guest; but from the moment the lad leaned over the chair he assumed command, and the next moment he was in camp and was in beautiful oblivion of what was going on, when their young friend, who was now behind his chair, whispered to him something which changed his feelings from those of the moment to a very moment when this lad whispered into his ears he was treating Emin Pasha as a host would treat his guest; 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POEMS BY WESTERN WRITERS.

(Written for The Indianapolis News.)

(With apologies to Mr. J. W. Wainwright.)

Things round the store are rather dull and
 The customers are few.
 On Main street there is not a soul astray
 Except when the sun is low.
 Warm-looking little boys are playing in the sun
 With vim that proves their willingness
 To wait for their turn.
 But on this bench beneath this tree I whistle and
 I wait for the use of working with the mercury
 Ninety-eight.

The Boss Gets Back.

There's flies among the sugar and the store
 Needs sweeping out.
 But style is hardly needed when the old man's
 Not about.
 And what's the use of working with the mercury
 Ninety-eight.

The Boss Gets Back.

Doing what old Bullhunk would never half
 appreciate.
 For weather such as this will send the best of
 towns to rest.
 And I am on vacation till

The Boss Gets Back.

A dude around at Baggs wears a flannel
 suit of clothes.
 He flirts with Annie Bradley who is every-
 body's body.
 Once went to Indianapolis and accumulated
 style.
 That makes her cut as home folks, and it
 causes me to smile.
 To think of her ingratitude, in woman such a
 But what's the use of kidding till

The Boss Gets Back.

Across the street the drug store man is sleep-
 ing in his chair.
 The blacksmith has shut up his shop and gone
 across to sleep.
 Old Doctor Jaggs is playing pool in Billy
 Smith's saloon.
 While I am hot and tired and sick, but I'll be
 better soon.
 The fast express that comes with creaks
 down the iron track
 brings work for me if I would man.

The Boss Gets Back.

(—Meredith Nicholson.)

(Written for The Indianapolis News.)

Wait and see.

Do not be too soon dismayed
 If the tides are low.
 If the letter should not come
 You expected from your home;
 Think not friends have turned unkind,
 "Out of sight and out of mind."
 They are thinking still of thee—
 Wait and see.

If the train should pass along,
 And your friend not in the throng,
 Do not think there is a slight—
 You may hear the whistle right.
 Something may have caused delay,
 Or he awaits another day.
 Friends called there may be—
 Wait and see.

If the ship should go good and true,
 Comes not on the day when due,
 Think not of the boatman's wave,
 Dream not of the boatman's grave.
 Hindered by opposing gale,
 Damaged spar or riven sail,
 Coming homeward she may be—
 Wait and see.

If you find a bolted door
 Which was never closed before,
 Do not think with bitter moan
 It is closed to you alone.
 One may open wider still,
 Open with a sweet will,
 Open to a fuller gleam—
 Wait and see.

Do not watch each drop of rain
 Let your sorrowing soul be vain;
 Do your work and find it best
 Just to leave to God the rest;
 After sunning, after shower,
 After many an anxious hour,
 Glorious harvest there may be—
 Wait and see.

Many evils that we dread,
 Never fall upon our head;
 Many specters which we fear,
 Never do we see or hear;
 Many storm-clouds in the sky,
 Just go sailing calmly by;
 Let us then fear no free—
 Wait and see.

Saintly spirit, looking o'er
 To the unseen world above,
 Sweet the vision of the strand,
 Or the radiant glory-land;
 Yet thy dreams shall fade away
 In the sunshine of that day,
 But the Beauty that shall be—
 Wait and see, wait and see.

Greenfield, Ind. (—J. P. Hutchinson.)

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

To me, at least, Roger Elbe was a very in-
 teresting character. He was the most sys-
 tematic and accurate person I ever met; but
 there was an element of poetry in his na-
 ture which enabled him to tell a story so
 vividly as to make his audience feel that
 they were witnessing the events he related.

He might easily, I am sure, have secured
 and filled a much higher and more lucrative
 position than that of a divisional engineer,
 employed by the Canadian Pacific Railway
 Company to superintend the construction of
 its line through some of the most difficult
 passes of the Rocky and Selkirk Moun-
 tains; but he chose this outdoor life be-
 cause his physical condition required it.

His health was not vigorous. He had an
 excellent physique; but his nerves were un-
 strung. Usually he kept them under con-
 trol; but any sudden surprise or prolonged
 worry caused him to lose command of him-
 self. I have known him to drop a valuable
 instrument when a long silence was broken
 by the sudden cry of a crow over his head.

Once, as he was quietly writing, he sprang
 suddenly to his feet and overturned the
 table before him when some snow dropped
 from a pine tree down upon his tent.

One day it was necessary to make mea-
 surements and observations on the face of a
 cliff from a point about halfway between its
 base and its summit. Several of our men
 volunteered to do down, but Elbe said he
 wished to examine the character of the
 rock, and would go himself.

Fastening a rope about his waist, whis-
 tling loudly meanwhile, he bade the men
 lower him down the cliff, while I stood at
 its edge to watch for signals that he might
 make.

He stopped on a projecting ledge, secured
 a footing, and then set deliberately to work.
 After making a few measurements, he took
 out his field-book, apparently to record the
 figures. A second later he yelled as though
 he had received a blow, and dropping his
 book, grasped the rope and shouted hoarsely
 to be drawn up.

In less than a minute he was brought to
 the top of the cliff, but as we carried him
 back from its brink he appeared to be com-
 pletely unnerved. His teeth were clenched,
 he glared wildly about him, and great
 drops of perspiration stood upon his pallid
 face.

However, he soon regained self-control,
 color returned to his face, and nervously
 untying the rope from his waist, he said, in
 a weak, hesitating way:

"Boys, I was not afraid of your letting me
 drop, but I can't keep my wits in a place
 like that. I'll tell you the reason when
 you get back to camp. Finish the work
 without me, but don't any of you go down
 there if you have the least objection to
 going. No, no, there is no need that any of
 you should go back to camp with me. I am
 all right now."

After the work was finished, the other
 men took the instruments back to the camp
 and I made a detour down through the

gorge to get the book that Elbe had
 dropped.

Some of the leaves had become loosened
 by the fall, and in collecting them I noticed
 that it was evidently quite an old book. The
 first few pages were filled with ordinary
 engineering computations, observations
 about the weather, vegetation, geological
 formations, and the like. I turned to a
 leaf on which the distance passed over by
 a falling body in five seconds was carefully
 calculated.

On one of the leaves I picked up was a
 computation which at first I thought had
 something to do with the velocity of a slow
 current of water that we had encountered,
 but soon discovered that the moving body,
 and it was, traveled much too slowly for
 that.

Here long I found other puzzling computa-
 tions, all of which appeared to have been
 made for the purpose of establishing the
 fact that something would occur at "ten min-
 utes past 4 o'clock p. m."

Next I found a leaf on which was a rough
 drawing of a little child, with curly hair and
 folded hands, lying in a coffin.

Just at this juncture it dawned upon me
 that I must have been examining private
 papers instead of an ordinary field-book;
 and so, restraining my curiosity, I gathered
 what other leaves I could find and hastened
 back to the camp.

That night, as we were seated around the
 blazing fire, Elbe told his story. So vivid
 was the impression made upon my mind,
 that I think I can repeat it very nearly in
 his own words.

"Boys," he said, "I was in this region
 several years ago, long before it was defini-
 tely known that 'Kicking Horse' would be
 the pass chosen to run the line through. We
 came up the Columbia in the summer and
 spent the winter over in the Big Bend, mak-
 ing our usual observations and preparing
 for a survey of the region."

"One morning early in April I started
 from our camp to spend part of the day in
 hunting goats. Soon came upon the tracks
 of a small herd and followed them. At first
 they layed up a small side canyon; then it
 turned towards some peaks and high cliffs
 that form a part of the south wall of the
 Kootenai Pass."

"About three hours of zigzag climbing
 brought me to the summit of the ridge,
 when the falling of a rock that I carelessly
 displaced alarmed the goats, and they
 bounded away. As they disappeared among
 the ice drifts I fired two shots after them.
 The next moment I regretted this; for, as
 the echoes rattled among the crags I was
 sure that every goat would be on the alert
 for the rest of the day. However, it was
 now nearly 12 o'clock, and I decided to
 find a comfortable nook for my lunch and
 then return to the camp."

"The lay of the land had much to do with
 my subsequent adventure, so that I recall
 it with distinctness. I was on the top of
 a low ridge extending eastward westward
 the base of the peaks, which rose up on
 each side of the ridge."

"At the end of this central ridge, some
 distance in advance of it, fell a precipice
 into the valley below. The hollows be-
 tween the two higher peaks and the ridge
 were filled with snow and ice, under one of
 which, and at its side, flowed a shallow
 stream of water. In looking for a sheltered
 place in which to eat my lunch, I had
 noticed the space between the end of the
 central ridge and the edge of the precipice.
 It looked very pleasant, sheltered as it was
 from the brisk, cool winds, with the bright
 sun shining full upon it."

"The stream of water, or some other
 agency, had made an opening or crevice
 between the ice in the hollow on the west-
 ern side of the ridge, and the peak which
 rose near it, wide enough for me to pass
 through to the open space beyond that
 looked so inviting."

"Following this crevice back a short dis-
 tance, I found a jagged ledge, with projec-
 tions of ice opposite, that would enable me
 with comparative ease to get to the bottom
 of the narrow passage. Upon these projec-
 tions I succeeded in reaching the shallow
 water that flowed in the bed of the crevice,
 and thus easily passed on to the sheltered
 space beyond."

"There was no opening in the mass of
 ice and snow that filled the hollow on the
 eastern side of the central ridge and the
 end of this ridge, encased in ice, rose ab-
 ruptly forty or fifty feet above the open
 space in which I stood. The ice in both
 hollows also ended abruptly, and a line
 with that which inclined the point of
 the ridge."

"The current of water that ran through
 the crevice covered only a part of the west-
 ern side of the open space, leaving elsewhere
 the rock, on which I stood, comparatively
 dry. Here, with a fine view before me, I
 sat down to eat my luncheon."

"After eating, I still sat some time
 admiring the grand landscape before me.
 I remember wondering how long the water
 that was running near me had been cut-
 ting its way along the side of the mass of
 the snow and ice that had accumulated in
 the western hollow. Then I speculated, in
 a listless sort of a way, that the rains and
 snows of many centuries had passed
 through this ravine."

"The view in front and below was es-
 pecially fascinating; while the waters of the
 small stream poured over the edge, and
 fell—looking like a mass of falling pearls—
 down to a shimmering rock, until the cascade
 became only mist and spray long before it
 reached the base of the precipice."

"I had a curiosity to know the height of
 this precipice, and, taking a cat's paw, I
 went to the edge and wrapped a piece of white pa-
 per about it, I dropped it into the abyss,
 and noted that it reached the bottom in
 five seconds. So I computed in my field
 book that it was about four hundred feet
 from where I stood to the base of the precipice.
 Then I sat down and, wearying of my long
 tramp, stretched myself upon my side,
 and immediately dropped asleep."

"On looking at my watch when I awoke
 I saw that it was two o'clock, so I reluctantly
 resolved to leave my cool retreat. I took my
 gun and walked back toward the point
 where I had first descended. I had greatly en-
 joyed my surprise when I found that it
 was so narrow that I could not pass through
 it. I looked, rubbed my eyes and
 looked again. Yes, there was an opening;
 but it was not a foot wide. With a quick-
 ened pulse I began to investigate."

"The ice-wall was certainly nearer to the
 brink of the precipice than I had been
 when I passed through the crevice. A thin
 line of the alluvial-like dust which accumu-
 lated on the rocks of fresh water streams
 was scraped up at the base of the ice-wall,
 and one of my footprints on this thin, soft
 substance, was partly hidden by the ice."

"The truth was now perfectly plain! Had
 there been another man so inconceivably
 thoughtless as to walk into a trap like
 that?"

"The mass of ice and snow behind me
 had begun to move downward. Already it
 had cut off my retreat. I was hemmed in
 before a slowly moving ice-fall and could
 be resistlessly crowded over the brink into
 the fearful abyss beyond."

"At first I was dazed by this awful dis-
 covery. Then I began nervously to look
 about for some way of escape; but neither
 the smooth walls at the sides of my prison
 nor the perpendicular face of that moving
 ice-fall offered any footing upon which it
 would be possible for me to climb more
 than a few feet."

"Trembling in every nerve and with a
 sinking heart, I went to the verge of the
 precipice, and, looking down, I saw that
 I had looked with pleasure down into the abyss.
 How different it appeared now! A single
 glance made my head swim and my heart
 beat with horror."

"I struck my finger into the ice, and
 my slowly shortening prison, seeking some
 hitherto overlooked means of escape. I
 thrust my side in between the ice and the
 side of the channel, madly hoping that it
 would in some way check the movement
 of that awful mass. I might as well have
 tried in the same way to check the waters of
 the Columbia."

"Time again I struck my finger into the
 ice to see if it could not cut steps, or my hands
 and feet, and thus draw myself up the face
 of the ice wall. At almost the first blow the
 ice snapped from the handle, which fell
 into the water and glided over the brink."

"Then I gave up hope."

"Still, with a sort of fascination, I wished
 to know how much longer I had to live.
 I had a small tape line in my pocket. With
 it I measured the distance from the edge of
 the precipice to the base of the ice cliff. It
 was just sixty-two feet."

"Then I took my watch and observed the

mass while it passed over three feet. It
 seemed to move steadily at the rate of about
 six inches a minute."

"I did not need to put down the figures in
 order to know that I was in a bad way. The
 ice did not increase with the heat—I had a little
 less than two hours to live; nevertheless,
 in a dazed way, I put the figures down in
 my field-book, and then, as the ice moved
 forward, at the first opportunity, I
 the force of habit that led me to do so. I
 even reflected that I should be crowded
 from my position before the ice reached the
 brink; and so, as it was just fourteen min-
 utes past two, I calculated that I could not
 hope to remain on the ledge longer than un-
 til ten minutes past 4 o'clock."

"Strange details, you think, for a man in
 such peril to scribble himself with. But I be-
 lieve that the horrible fear and suspense
 must at times have unsettled my mind,
 which seems to have gone from one extreme
 to the other, so that my imagination con-
 jured up all kinds of strange and unexpect-
 ed fancies."

"Sometimes I hoped, sometimes I feared
 that the mass would become suddenly
 loosened and hurl itself into the abyss.
 Sometimes I became frantic at the thought
 of my horrible position; then I would ac-
 cept what was to come as inevitable, and
 settle into the dull acquiescence of de-
 spair."

"A great fleecy cloud came floating be-
 low me, and, for a few minutes, hid the
 yawning chasm. I remember longing to
 jump down into its feathery folds and wish-
 ing that upon it I might sail away in peace
 forever."

"I thought an hour must have passed;
 but my watch showed that only fifteen min-
 utes had elapsed since I had completed the
 last computation. I would not believe it
 until I looked back, and saw, by the aid of
 marks that I had placed in the side of the
 chasm, that the creeping, horrible mass had
 advanced seven and a half feet."

"A breath of wind bore a delicate bit of
 moss to my feet. Then I remembered that
 I had seen moss of the same kind, many
 years before, at the foot of one of the
 playmates of my boyhood. Loving hands
 had twined a mossy wreath, and placed it
 upon the coffin. Every feature of the fair,
 peaceful countenance, lying upon its snowy
 pillow, came distinctly to my mental vision.
 Mechanically I began to sketch the dead
 face on a leaf of my book. But the con-
 sciousness of my awful peril did not leave
 me, and the rough sketch seemed to trans-
 form itself into a vivid picture of a mangled
 body lying among huge boulders at the foot
 of a precipice, and buried beneath a mass of
 snow and ice."

"If I seem to me that I did not so much
 shrink from death, or even cling to life;
 but that the thought of the horrible sensation of
 falling filled me with dread. It seemed as
 if my sensations could not be kept under con-
 trol. I felt that if I were to die, it would be
 crushing through my brain I should still
 feel that horrible sensation of falling; and
 that if my body were ground to powder, I
 should still be conscious of the crash of the
 great mass that would fall upon me."

"With these, and many other fastidious
 and terrifying imaginings, my mind was
 occupied until the mass of ice
 still moved with almost the precision of a
 machine. As I sat looking up at the sky,
 flecked here and there with gauzy clouds,
 a dark speck appeared circling above me.
 Then, after a moment, it came within the
 downward flight of the first."

"As they came nearer I saw that they
 were vultures. When they were within
 thirty feet of me, they began to swoop
 and balance themselves, they seemed, in
 my insane imaginings, to be exulting in
 their superiority and my helplessness. The
 thought exasperated me. I drew up my
 rifle and fired at the nearest bird. It
 dropped downward with a wing broken
 close to its body. But as it caught with its
 claws on one of the long icicles that de-
 pended from the side of the precipice, and
 clung there with its talons, it made a noise
 like the poor thing and reviled myself
 for my cruelty."

"I saw that it had but a slight hold upon
 the ice, and resolved to try to reach it and
 put an end to its suffering. I made a noise
 in one end of my tape-line, and having fast-
 ened the other end to my gun I lay down
 and reached as far as I dared. I should
 have reached it, but the ice was so hard
 and slippery that I could not get my fingers
 under it. I tried again, and again, but in
 vain. I was now within a few feet of my
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